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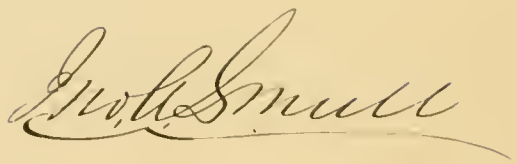

MEMORIAL

OF

JOHN AUGUSTUS SMULL.

EDITED BY
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TO

WILLIAM PAULI SMULL,

THIS

MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF A

FAITHFUL BROTHER

IS INSCRIBED.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SMULL.

THE biography of the representative men of the State deserve to be properly written, and yet it is a task more difficult in the performance than the majority of readers imagine. More especially is this true of those who for years have been prominent in public affairs—whose official acts are familiar to the people at large, and whose whole life has been devoted to their best interests. The deeds of such become as household words —and the biographer in the plain recital of them, ceases to interest. In the unwritten history of every man, however, there are some traits of character which are uppermost; and the more prominent they are, the deeper their influence over that life and its workings. As men live in deeds, not years, so is it the province of the historian to preserve the records of those who have passed from the stage of action, for they are the heirlooms of the State.

To the youth of Pennsylvania—to the early manhood of the grand old Commonwealth, in whom the hopes of the future lie—the lives of citizens whose pathways were crowned with strict performance of

every duty, with uprightness, industry, and that energy of soul and endeavor which emblazoned their names—should be written for a bright ensample, encouragement for the doubting, a healthful influence for the heedless. The future citizen should be made familiar with the workings of every noble life, who in word, thought, and deed has proved himself a man.

John Augustus Smull, the second son of John Smull and Harriet Pauli, was born at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, September 1, 1832. Concerning the immediate ancestors of Mr. Smull, we have the following information. George, Count Von Schmull, (as the name was originally written,) was born July 22, 1764, at the ancient country seat of the family on an island near Yodesberg on the Rhine. He came to America about the close of the war of the Revolution, fleeing from religious persecution in the Old World. His estate, bearing the euphonious title of Von Plosh, was confiscated by the government, converted into a convent, for which purpose it was used until quite recently. Von Schmull settled near Germantown, Pennsylvania, where he married Susanna Le Van, daughter of a Huguenot family.*

*George Smull, senior, b. July 22, 1764, near Yodesberg on the Rhine; d. October, 5, 1815, at Germantown, and there buried; m. June 22, 1792, Susanna Le Van, daughter of Abraham and Catharine Le Van, b. March 12, 1770; d. August 18, 1826. They had issue as follows:

i. Catharine, b. March 13, 1793.

ii. Peter, b. October 11, 1794.

His second son, JOHN, born at Germantown, May 27, 1798, married, in 1827, HARRIET PAULI, daughter of Rev. Philip Reinhold Pauli and Anna Elizabeth Musch, of Reading. The family of Pauli is an ancient one. The first of the name of whom we have any record is that of Hans Pauli who was burgess of Schwerin about the middle of the sixteenth century. His son, Simon Pauli, (2,) was professor of theology and superintendent at Rostock, in Mecklenburg, in 1570, while in successive generations we have Henry Pauli, (3,) of Rostock, physician and first public teacher of medicine at Rostock; Simon Pauli, (4,) a noted physician of Rostock, who married Elizabeth Fabricius, daughter of the eminent Jacob Fabricius, physician of Rostock; Oliger Pauli, (5,) a noted man in his day; Philip Pauli, (6,) physician to Christian VII. of Denmark; Rev. Ernst Ludwig Pauli, (7,) an eminent divine of Magdeburg, Prussia, and a graduate of the University of Halle; Rev. Philip Reinhold Pauli, (8,) a native of Magdeburg,

iii. Maria, b. August 18, 1796; d. Sept. 20, 1813.

iv. John, b. May 27, 1798; m. Harriet Pauli; d. August 20, 1841.

v. Charles, b. February 3, 1800.

vi. Susanna, b. May 21, 1802.

vii. Lydia, b. December 3, 1803; d. s. p.

viii. Sarah, b. September 19, 1805; d. s. p.

ix. Thomas, b. August 20, 1806.

x. George, b. September 11, 1808.

xi. Joanna, b. December 5, 1810.

Prussia, who emigrated to America in 1783, and died at Reading in 1815.*

Such was the ancestry of JOHN A. SMULL. His parents came to Harrisburg shortly after their marriage, and there all their children were born.

The incipient public schools of the town, although devoid of the so-called high polish of the present day, made better scholars, for what was learned was thorough. To these he was sent very early, and under the instruction of several gentlemen who were excellent teachers, he progressed rapidly in his education. He was studious, thoughtful, and obedient, and among his

*Rev. PHILIP REINHOLD PAULI, b. June 22, 1742, at Magdeburg, Prussia; d. January 27, 1815, at Reading, Pennsylvania. He married at Easton, Pennsylvania, February 14, 1784, ANNA ELIZABETH MUSCH, daughter of John and Catharine Musch, of Easton, where she was born October 4, 1762; d. November 12, 1839, at Reading. They had issue

i. Catharine, b. Dec. 26, 1784; m. Rev. Frederick William Vandersloot; d. January 30, 1851.

ii. Lewis, b. August 10, 1786; d. s. p.

iii. Philip, b. August 31, 1788; d. June 15, 1836.

iv. Rev. William, b. October 20, 1790; m. Anna Maria Witman; d. May 20, 1854.

v. John, b. March 9, 1792; d. December 22, 1813.

vi. Harriet, b. September 14, 1794; m. John Smull; d. January 1, 1873.

vii. Lewis Jacoby, b. October 14, 1796; m. Sarah Schoenfelter; d. January 3, 1862.

viii. Caroline Louisa, b. September 14, 1798; d. s. p.

ix. Anna Elizabeth, b. July 23, 1800; d. s. p.

x. Rev. Charles Augustus, b. April 12, 1804 m. Mary L. Davies.

school-mates he was an active participant in all boyish sports. Many remember him as such, for the friendships then formed continued through riper years—steadfast and unchanging to life's close.

The death of John's father in 1841, left his widowed mother dependent upon her own exertions and those of her eldest son Le Van, who was then in his fourteenth year. An acquaintance with a number of members of the Legislature, emboldened her to secure a position for him, which would, in some measure, aid in her maintenance. Le Van was appointed page to the Speaker, the first one known to the legislative body. A bright, obliging, and amiable lad, he magnified the office, and his mother was proud of her strength and her support.

In the spring of 1848, John was tendered the appointment of a midshipman in the United States Navy, and would have accepted the position, but for the opposition of his mother. Shortly after, he concluded to learn the art of printing, and apprenticed himself at the *Telegraph*, then under the editorial supervision of Theo. Fenn, Esq., a noted journalist at that day. We well recollect our new comrade's *entré* into the printing office. The same characteristics of his after life were foreshadowed in the boy; active, industrious, and energetic, with a remarkable equanimity during all the trials and vexations of that first winter's experience in an establishment which somehow was wanting in proper arrangements and regulation, at a period, too, when hand-

power presses sluggishly performed the increased demand for legislative printing. One little episode of that not very pleasant chapter in John's career is vividly brought to mind. As the youngest apprentice, to him fell the lot of carrying the weekly newspaper to the then borough subscribers, and of course all the emoluments of the position were his. It was two days before the New Year—there was no address prepared, and the only poet of the town was ill. In the difficulty, John fell upon one of his comrades, he who pens this reminiscence, and requested him to write the address. There was some hesitancy, for his fellow-apprentice had never indulged in aught, save a few album verses and parodies on lovers' ditties; but as it is only a step from the bounds of the sublime to the ridiculous, so the doggerel verses previously indulged in were guides to the heroic stanzas of a New Year's address, and the closing hours of the old year were occupied in printing it. How delighted the printer boy—and how much more elated when about noon of the following day, he exhibited the proceeds of his industry—offering a full share to his comrade, to whom he was so much indebted. It was generously refused, although the act through all his life, was kindly and fraternally remembered. It was the first extra money he had really earned and although thus gained, it was faithfully devoted to some boyish comforts for his widowed mother.

At the widow's home everything was bright. Her

sons were obedient, industrious, and brave boys. Their love for their mother enabled them to surmount all difficulties. The shadow was lifted from the hearth-side; and yet ere the sunshine had fairly gleamed down upon it, the death-gloom came again over all; the main prop of the household was taken away. On the 14th day of April, 1849, Le Van Smull died, regretted by many whose friendship he had formed, and deeply lamented by the stricken mother. As the grave closed over the remains of her eldest born, with prayerful hope and reliance upon the Divine promise of the Master that he would be a father to the fatherless and the widow's comfort, she buoyed up her heart. Her faith was in the God of her Refuge.

With an energy few mothers display, she secured the vacant position of page for her next son, John, then in his seventeenth year. The place was filled acceptably, and from that time onward, until her dying day, that son became the support of that mother and her family.

The next session of the Assembly, and several successive ones, the labors of the faithful page became more onerous. He was polite, attentive, and intelligent. His was not alone the duty to carry the bills read in place to the Speaker, but his intuitive mind caused him to be looked up to with more deference as his usefulness increased. Many, yes the vast majority of the representatives twenty-five years ago were farmers, unfamiliar with technical phrases and legal terms, and to

such John A. Smull became a valuable aid in the framing of bills. There were few legislators who did not call him to their assistance in later years, and we know whereof we speak that in numerous instances where his suggestions were unheeded enacted local laws became inoperative through their imperfect wording. Many of the leisure hours of the session were occupied in drafting bills, and although his labor was frequently well remunerated, a deserving or charitable enactment found him a ready and faithful friend, "without the expectation of fee or hope of reward," save the consciousness of doing right.

As the years rolled on, his appreciative services became more highly valued, and the position of bill clerk was given to him, while subsequently he was promoted to reading clerk. No official, it may be truly said, ever won the enduring confidence and great regard which John A. Smull secured, and he prized every mark of esteem manifested. However arduous the duty, it was faithfully performed. One secret of his popularity was the fact that he remembered every face and could call by name any one he had ever met, and then, too, when favors were asked, he was ever ready to grant them. No matter what intervened, every letter received was promptly answered, and every inquiry satisfactorily replied to. He was, indeed, the same at all times to all men.

In 1861 the office of Resident Clerk was created.

The duties of this position were multiform, not only during the session of the Legislature, but in the recess. With an energy and industry most remarkable, affairs in this department were so systematically arranged that everything went as clock work. He could tell everything relating to legislation, the progress of each bill; and to all inquiries would give the most satisfactory replies, his memory being unusually retentive. During the closing days of the session, he was ready for all queries as to the *status* of every species of legislation before the House, so familiar did he make himself with whatever appertained to the business of the Assembly.

For a number of years, Matthias' and Ziegler's Manuals were the guide books of legislative practice. In 1867 Mr. Smull enlarged the ordinary Directory and Rules of the General Assembly, by the compilation of the "Legislative Hand-Book," which has been published annually the past ten years as a State document. Twelve volumes were edited by Mr. Smull, carefully revised year by year—that for 1881 being edited by his brother, William P. Smull. "Smull's Hand-Book" has always been considered one of the most valuable of the State documents, and full sets of them are considered "rarities." A *vade mecum* of information relative to the official life of the Commonwealth, it is the book of reference for all knowledge thereof. The work has been imitated in other States, and even by the National Government, but none of them can be com-

pared to "Smull's Hand Book" in usefulness. The necessities of legislation required the compilation of the work, and it is this necessity which perpetuates the labors of the lamented editor. It is a truth, that the deeds of men live after them.

The duties of Mr. Smull's official position did by no means prevent him from taking an active interest in every public enterprise, and the citizens of his native town hold him in grateful remembrance for the energy he displayed in contributing to the advancement of its industrial and business enterprises. He was largely instrumental in the erection of the City Passenger Railway, of which he was director and secretary from the date of its organization; he was secretary of the Harrisburg Cemetery Association, and president of the Harrisburg Brick and Tile Company. He was largely interested in several Land and Building Associations, the Harrisburg Car Works, Farmers' Bank, and a member of the Fort Hunter road commission. He served many years as one of the inspectors of the Dauphin county prison, and was the efficient secretary of the board; was vice president of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, in the management of which he took an active part, being a *working* member of committees at all annual exhibitions the past fifteen years. The foregoing were only a few of the enterprises and institutions in which Mr. Smull was prominent. Others equally as important found in him an able advocate and friend.

None save his most intimate friends knew of his private benefactions. Several young men who now hold important situations and who have succeeded nobly in the life struggle, owe their education and positions to John A. Smull. No one industrious and worthy came to him for advice and pecuniary assistance in vain. He realized the fact that a helping hand had been given him in his early years, and remembering this, he was ever ready to give needed assistance to those actually deserving. He had a large heart, and none knew it better than his steadfast friend and pastor, the Rev. Dr. Cattell.

Mr. Smull never married. His uppermost thoughts were the comfort and happiness of his widowed mother. This duty was paramount to all others. The charm of his home was that mother's aged form, and he seemed to live only for her. His tender solicitude surrounded her with every cheer, throwing over her declining days the light of a love which burned long after that mother ceased to be. On the first of January, 1873, suddenly, without premonition, Mrs. HARRIET PAULI SMULL died. It was a terrible blow, and the shadow of that gloom lingered around that home-hearth for years after. The smile of woman which had made that home bright with earth's sunshine had been lifted from it. "I am too old to think of marrying now," he replied to a friendly hint, quoting what Sir Walter Raleigh wrote relative to *late* marriages. And so until life's close he remained a bachelor.

Following the adoption of the new Constitution of the State, the success of the Democratic party gave them the control of the Legislature in 1875 and 1876. Among the majority were many gentlemen who had previously served in the House, and knowing the invaluable services of John A. Smull, they were inclined to save him at least from the determined clean sweep of officers; but so many years had elapsed since the party had been in power, while the aspirants for position were so numerous, it was decided to change the office of Resident Clerk. Although Mr. Smull's abilities were honestly appreciated by all, he gave place to another—to the regret afterwards of the vast majority of the House. During that period, however, he was frequently consulted in cases where his excellent judgment and acute comprehension of intricate questions of parliamentary law became the unerring guide. With the return of Republican power, there was no disputing as to the individual who should again fill the position of Resident Clerk, and he was accordingly unanimously elected. As of yore, not only the duties of the office were magnified, but the progress of legislation accelerated.

The Legislature of 1879 was in many respects a remarkable one, and the duties of Resident Clerk Smull, whose knowledge of parliamentary law made him in fact the reliable officer for the proper governing of the House, which at times during the exciting scenes inci-

dent to the debates on the border raid and railroad riot claims, threatened to transform that body into a chaotic mass beyond the control of the presiding officer. An editorial of the *Pittsburgh Leader*, in its issue of June 11, 1879, presented the following noble appreciation of "the gentleman from below:"

"One of the most noticeable, and yet the least noticed of persons in the House of Representatives, is a gentleman whose services, while quietly exerted, and with no pretense at demonstration, are yet invaluable—in fact indispensable. He occupies a position on the narrow platform in front of the Speaker's desk. Three fourths of his time he is seated in a chair at his table on the extreme right of the platform, where and during which time he is as busy with his pen and paper as the busiest among the newspaper reporters seated in a row on a level still lower than this below him. The other fourth of his time he would be similarly employed, except that he has many duties besides which require his attention. Sometimes the Speaker of the House, in the rapid changes of phases which bills and resolutions assume, gets tangled in the maze, as the best of Speakers sometimes will, and would be presently irretrievably lost. Instantly his pen is dropped on the table or thrust in over his ear, and the gentleman from below may be seen standing at the side of the Speaker's desk, close under the Speaker's eye and ear, and issues the orders which are at once to bring order

out of confusion. His directions, upon which he never hesitates for an instant, are given in a low voice, just loud enough to be heard by the officer addressed, who calls out loud as he is prompted in exact echo, and the tumult that threatens and seems on the verge of overwhelming the Assembly is arrested at once. There is no sort of ostentation in the thing. One would suppose that the gentleman from below had got up merely to ask the Speaker to give him a chew of tobacco, or to lend him his penknife, or to go out and take a drink, or some other trifle of the sort. His brief service done, he is down in his seat again, hard at work with his pen and paper as ever.

"Occasionally the Speaker leaves temporarily his place, and some other member is invited to take the chair. That other member, very likely, knows nothing about parliamentary rules, and the House aware of the fact and disposed to vary the graver proceedings with a little fun, as school boys will sometimes do when the master is out and the tutor is left in charge, begin to use their utmost efforts to disconcert him. All sorts of points of order are raised and rushed with such hot haste at the other member, accompanied all the time with bursts of uproarious laughter, that what little notions he has about rules, are completely scattered, and he is left utterly without compass, or chart, or so much as the glimmer of a star to guide him through the storm. But the gentleman from below rises instantly to his

rescue. From behind his hand he issues his orders in short, quick-following messages, ready for any and all emergencies, and if the novice in the chair fails to follow up as dictated to, and so control and direct affairs, it is because the noise and confusion have thrown him into a state of demoralization from which, for him, there is no recovery.

"What the House would do without the gentleman from below, it is hard to imagine. Quietly conscious, perhaps, of this fact himself, he has done the next best thing he possibly could do, and published in a neat, concise and accurate form, a book of "Rules and Decisions of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania," which is destined to hold its place in the House long after he himself shall have gone, leaving the places that now know him to know him no more."

No higher tribute could be paid to any man—especially one in official position.

The session had closed, and with it, at parting, the members to show their high appreciation of the services of Mr. Smull, presented him with a handsome testimonial, through the chairman selected for the purpose, his old and valued friend, Dr. Charles R. Early, the Democratic member from Elk county. On previous occasions, presents had been made him, it is true, but at this juncture, Mr. Smull was deeply moved. As usual, he had endeavored to perform every duty devolving upon him with promptness and fidelity, and somehow, we are

of opinion, he believed it would be the close of his official life. "I can say fearlessly," he remarked in conversation the day after the final adjournment, "that I have preserved my integrity, and been faithful to the trusts reposed in me. The temptations to swerve from the performance of duty, have not moved me, and I have come out of the ordeal untainted and unsoiled. You may freely say this of me when I am gone."

That he had some premonition of passing away, two or three incidents transpired, to which we need not allude, although in our presence, and at the time we imputed the same to the physical and nervous exhaustion, the result of the arduous duties incumbent on his position, which produced glooomy forebodings.

On Wednesday, the 9th of July, 1879, he left home for Asbury Park, in the hope to recuperate his lost energies, with the intention of stopping over at Philadelphia until Thursday noon. The day and night were exceedingly warm, and whatever may have been the cause, the next morning he was found dead in his bed. The announcement of the death of John A. Smull was received with sorrow at Harrisburg and elsewhere, for as Col. McClure fitly said in his editorial, from which we shall quote, "many a good and prominent citizen of Pennsylvania could have been better spared than John A. Smull, and his sudden death will carry grief to every part of the State." So widely known was he,

that not a newspaper in the Commonwealth but had some tender expression of regret over his death.

Col. A. K. McClure, who for many years was on intimate terms with Mr. Smull, in the editorial columns of *The Times*, of July 11, speaks thus of him:

"Occupying a position modest in title, and attending to its duties in an unostentatious manner, he was nevertheless as well known and as much honored and respected as any man of his day, however conspicuous in public affairs. For thirty-two years of a life that scarcely touched middle age, he had served the State with a zeal, intelligence, and fidelity that cannot be surpassed. For much of this time he was Resident Clerk of the House of Representatives. He made that office one of dignity and importance, not by magnifying his powers, but by such a thorough mastery of legislative methods and of the general interests of the State, that he became, as it seemed, an indispensable part of the General Assembly. He was the entire brains of some presiding officers, the balance-wheel of others, and the ablest men who occupied the chair during all this time, were the most frank in acknowledgement of the assistance received by them at his hands. He could unravel parliamentary entanglement with unerring skill and accuracy; he was always in full possession of his faculties, even when everybody else in the House from the Speaker down was carried away by the excitement of angry words or overwhelmed by a mighty crisis in

debate. "Smull's Legislative Hand-Book," which is the *vade mecum* of Pennsylvania politicians, inseparable from any well-equipped editorial room, and a part of the library of every well-informed citizen, is a lasting monument of his patient industry, and has served as a model for similar legislative manuals all over the country. So much for Mr. Smull officially. In private life he was equally estimable; no man had warmer personal friends."

The editors of the *Ledger*, *Press*, and *Bulletin* of Philadelphia, took occasion to utter similar sentiments, while the *Inquirer* held the following:

"Pennsylvania loses her foremost parliamentarian by the death of Colonel John Augustus Smull, the well known Resident Clerk of the Legislature. He was the umpire who decided all knotty questions, and directed the Speakers for years how to act and to govern the Assembly. His place will never be filled in this particular. Besides his great usefulness as a public officer he was a man of much erudition, a friend of sweet gentleness, a citizen of undoubted integrity and public spirit, a partisan without bitterness, and a person who won the respect and love of all who made his acquaintance. His monument most lasting will be his "Hand-Book of the Legislature," at once the most reliable text-book on parliamentary law extant, co-equal in all essentials with "Jefferson's Manual."

One of its public-spirited citizens, enterprising and

energetic, the citizens of Harrisburg felt keenly his loss. To many he had been a firm and steadfast friend, and his benefactions in later years had been without stint. As soon as the news had reached the Capital, a committee consisting of the Mayor of the city, Robert L. Muench, and J. Brisbin Boyd, Esquires, proceeded to Philadelphia to bring home the remains, under whose charge they reached Harrisburg the same evening. During the day, as the news was wired through the State, from all sections messages came pouring in, conveying to his brother, William P. Smull, the heartfelt sympathy of many prominent gentlemen, who numbered John A. Smull as their warm personal friend.

In the performance of the funeral ceremonies, there were two requests that were made by the deceased years before, faithfully carried out. First, that his endeared friend and pastor for many years, the Rev. W. C. Cattell, should deliver the funeral discourse, and the Knights Templar service should be read at his grave. For many years Mr. Smull had been a member of the Masonic brotherhood, and was much devoted to its principles. He was one of the original members of Robert Burns Lodge, No. 464, and a past commander of Pilgrim Commandery No. 11, K. T. In all branches of the ancient and honorable fraternity, he had the esteem and confidence of each member.

On Saturday evening July 12, 1879, the funeral services were conducted in the Pine Street Presbyterian

church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Speaker Long of the House of Representatives, a large number of the members of the Legislature, the Governor of the Commonwealth, and heads of the several departments, with prominent citizens of the city of Harrisburg and other portions of the State, had assembled to do honor to the memory of a faithful public officer.

The ceremonies were commenced by singing the 1206th hymn—

"I would not live alway."

The Rev. WILLIAM C. CATTELL, D. D., LL.D., President of Lafayette College, after reading the selections from the Psalms and a part of the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, delivered the discourse:

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. CATTELL.

The Doctor commenced his address by reminding his hearers that death is the one great fact with which all men have to deal. Whatever may or may not be appointed for us, we know that "it is appointed unto all men once to die." Familiar as this truth is to men, the great multitudes, not only in youth, but in manhood and even in old age, are thoughtful and anxious about the uncertain things and are careless about the momentous issues involved in that which is really the only certain thing to happen. But death is not only certain; it may be sudden. And this, he said, was the solemn lesson of the hour. The cheerful "good night," spoken by our friend as he retired to rest last Wednesday

night, gave no premonition that before the "good morning" could be said his lips would be forever sealed in death. It is as though the warning which had sounded through the ages had come to us with solemn emphasis. *Be ye also ready.*

The Doctor then briefly sketched the life of Mr. Smull. Left at an early age a poor boy, without the patronage of rich or influential friends, he had won his way by the well directed use of his natural abilities, which were of a high order. He spoke of his honesty, his industry, his fidelity to every trust committed to him, his uniform courtesy, his integrity of purpose. Such were the traits of character that gave him a position of commanding influence, not only in this neighborhood but throughout the State. This church, crowded by his friends, and the streets of the metropolis thronged to-day by the multitudes who have come from far and near to show their respect to his memory, give the amplest evidence of the esteem and affection in which he was held

"During my pastorate in Harrisburg," continued the Doctor, "Mr. Smull was my parishioner, and our relations were most intimate. Of these I cannot trust myself to speak. I can only say that in his death I have lost one of my best friends, and that his memory will always be very precious to me. Others can perhaps better speak of him as an efficient public officer and as a leading citizen of this community, honorably identified

with many business enterprises, but I can bear testimony to that part of his character, which, at an hour like this, infinitely transcends in importance all else. I allude of course to his religious life. He was not a member of this church, having never withdrawn his certificate of membership from the church into which he had been received in his youth, but he thoroughly identified himself with all its interests. He was among its most liberal supporters. He was punctual and regular in his attendance upon public worship, and it is proper for me also to add, he was regular and faithful in the exercise of private devotion. No pressure of business prevented his daily reading of the scriptures and prayer. Even when traveling, as friends who occupied the same room with him, have repeatedly assured me, he would at night, invariably kneel by his bedside in prayer. There was one trait of his character to which I cannot refer without emotion; his love and devotion to his aged mother. Never have I seen anything in the character of a man more beautiful than this. Down to the very last hour of her life, he lavished upon her the most loving and dutiful attention. There was something chivalric in this devotion; and to me, who saw more of it than most persons, it made the private life of our friend aglow with a radiance that seemed scarcely of this world. Not many mothers have been blessed with such a son."

In conclusion, the Doctor again reverted to the lessons

which all should learn from this afflictive Providence. Death may come to us as suddenly as it came to him. Let us therefore set our house in order. After all, it is not the life which is crowned with riches or with honors that concerns us to-day. It is the life spent in the fear of God, and in love and helpfulness to our fellow men. To receive God's word in our heart, to accept the terms of salvation it offers through our Lord Jesus Christ, to be pure in heart, to serve our fellow men—the joys of such a life are not shattered, like all worldly possessions, by death; rather then does the real life begin with its boundless and ineffable joy— for *blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*

At the conclusion of Dr. Cattell's address, the choir sang,

"Oh, God! our help in ages past,"

when the benediction was pronounced.

The pall-bearers, members of Pilgrim commandery, and intimate friends of the deceased, took up the body and bore it to the place of burial. The Grand Commander of Knights Templar, Col. John P. S. Gobin, of Lebanon, and Rev. Addison V. C. Schenck, D. D., of Philadelphia, Grand Prelate, read the impressive service of the order. "Amid the gathering twilight of a midsummer's day," wrote the Grand Commander in his report, "we laid him quietly away, clothed in the full insignia of a Christian warrior, the last rays of the setting sun glinting the crossed swords above his grave,

the rustling of the winds amid the tall oaks, mingling with the voices of the Knights in bidding him an earthly farewell—in sobbing a fitting requiem."

And thus they buried him.

In closing this memorial of the life of JOHN A. SMULL, it may not be out of place to give the following estimate of his character, as furnished by an eminent journalist, and warm friend of the deceased:

"As page, transcribing, reading, or Resident Clerk, John A. Smull discharged duties which no other man in like position connected with a legislative body ever performed. The mere manual labor of these positions was taxing to physical endurance, and demanded arduous attention, all of which he bestowed upon them. He was remarkable for his unwearied devotion to business. Exact and faithful, he undertook no work of whatever character that he did not do successfully. He always labored systematically; his sense of order was very strong. This is essential in conducting parliamentary business, and this quality aside from his clerical accomplishments, gave Mr. Smull his force in the House, which once having been established he never lost. It should be remembered, in connection with Mr. Smull's career as an officer, that he began it in the very humblest position, and rose by degrees to fill the most important place in the House, a place in the sight of the law, divested of authority and subordinate

in character, but which he made by slow and patient labor of commanding influence, whenever his brains actually controlled the machinery of the body, decided its questions of privilege, expounded its principles of law, and preserved its harmonies in connection with the complex rules by which it is governed.

"From 1864, up to the last Legislature in which Mr. Smull served, only one or two of the men who filled the Speaker's chair were qualified for its duties. This is not an implication that these men lacked intelligence, education, or appreciation of the duty devolved upon them. The Speakership involves a knowledge of parliamentary law as intricate as a science as the laws governing the Commonwealth, and which only those learned therein can expound. In order to fit himself for this duty, Mr. Smull studied parliamentary law. He was not merely a scribe making record of the routine proceedings of the House, but he rose by degrees until he did the *thinking* for the body in its popular movements, directing the Speaker who is the official head, and through him, all the deliberations thereof, in accordance with the law by which it is governed. This made the man a power which increased as his abilities developed, until he stood confessedly the ablest parliamentarian in the State—a power which he never abused or used unworthily.

"Smull's Legislative Hand-Book," is a compendium of John A. Smull's own original decisions of questions

involving principles of parliamentary law. Cushing's Principles are no clearer, as decisions characterized by equity; and when it is considered that the man who gave these decisions to the law-making branch of the Government of Pennsylvania, grew up in the office in which he acted, without the aid of college or academy to fit him for his high duties, it illustrates what native genius can accomplish when it is moved forward by virtuous objects to be served, and honest purposes to be attained.

"The boy and man's whole career was full of purpose. He seemed forever reaching after the useful; and in whatever mood he was found, he never trifled. Without being austere, he was always serious. His master element was earnestness. He had no idle moments and his indeed was a busy life, full of effects which reproduced themselves in many forms of practical benefits.

"There were members of the House, and that, too, in considerable numbers, who never could have accomplished the work demanded of them by their constituents but for the Resident Clerk, who saw that it received its full share of attention, that the bills embodying it went in correct form to the proper committee, and when reported back to the House, with a favorable recommendation, that they were put on their passage. The importance of this service at the time was incalculable. It gave character to the men as legislators, who, other-

wise would have returned to their constituents failures, and it secured for localities in all parts of the State privileges which have enabled the people to develop their natural resources, and found enterprises which are to-day their greatest springs of wealth. Not many of the communities thus served, if any, ever knew the source whence the service came. It was not in the nature of things that they should know this, but it is nevertheless a fact that by the local legislation thus procured, Mr. Smull was, to a degree, its father, and, therefore, to a like extent, the founder of many institutions which were scattered over the Commonwealth by acts of incorporation, and which are to-day in a prosperous condition—a profit to capital and a benefit to labor. There was a spirit of statesmanship in this which gave to Mr. Smull a reputation among legislators which will long live in legislative annals. And he performed these duties unselfishly. They were to him public demands made in his official time, but they were not incumbent on him. He did what was thus done voluntarily, and he left the impress of his genius on the legislation of the State, for sixteen years, in a manner which prevented great floods of wrong from staining it, and preserved the good which was embodied in its acts from the polluting hand of those who sought to prostitute its powers to base purposes.

"Let this estimate of John A. Smull not be regarded as an exaggeration of personal regard for the dead.

Its measurement of his qualities is as correct as human judgment can deal with human character, and it can, therefore, be taken as the summing up of the traits of a man who played his part well in the theater of action to which he was called to do duty."

PROCEEDINGS

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WEDNESDAY, *January 12, 1881.*

Mr. FENLON. Mr. Speaker, I desire to offer the following resolution.

The resolution was read by the clerk, as follows:

WHEREAS, The House of Representatives has learned with profound regret of the decease of John A. Smull, late Resident Clerk of this House; therefore,

Be it resolved, That a special committee, to consist of five members, be appointed by the Speaker to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the House, on the decease of John A. Smull, late Resident Clerk.

On motion, the resolution was read a second time.

The question being,

Will the House agree to the resolution?

It was agreed to.

In compliance with the foregoing resolution, the Speaker appointed the following committee: Messrs. Fenlon, Neill, Thompson, (Dauphin,) Wolfe, and Jamison.

TUESDAY, *January 25, 1881.*

Mr. Fenlon presented the following report, which was read by the clerk:

The undersigned special committee of the House of Representatives, to report on the resolution relative to the death of the Hon. John A. Smull, late Resident Clerk of this House, respectfully report:

1. That by the death of John A. Smull, this body has lost the invaluable services of one who, whether as page boy or Resident Clerk, was ever prompt in the discharge of duty, faithful to every trust reposed in him, and in his amiable deportment, "the same at all times to all men."

2. That as an authority on legislative practice, as a parliamentarian, together with his intuitive knowledge of the enacting of laws, Mr. Smull had no superior and very few equals.

3. That his usefulness to the Assembly of Pennsylvania can only be appreciated by those Representatives who, for years, looked up to him as their guide through the intricacies of difficult legislation.

4. That, as the life services of Mr. Smull were devoted to the State, it is desirable that the high esteem of this branch of the legislative body of this Commonwealth be fitly shown, and it is therefore recommended that a biographical memoir of Mr. Smull be prepared,

and with these proceedings published as a memorial volume.

JOHN FENLON,
JAMES NEILL,
ALEX. F. THOMPSON,
CHARLES S. WOLFE,
JOHN M. JAMISON,
Committee.

THURSDAY, *January 27, 1881.*

Mr. RUDDIMAN. Mr. Speaker, in the absence of the chairman of the committee, I take leave to call up the resolutions of respect on John A. Smull, late Resident Clerk of the House.

Which were read by the clerk.

The question being,

On the adoption of the resolutions.

ADDRESS OF MR. NEBINGER, OF HARRISBURG.

Mr. Speaker: Representing the city of Harrisburg, in which John A. Smull was born, on September 1, 1832, I rise to pay a just tribute to the memory of one of nature's noblemen.

At an early age John A. Smull was apprenticed to the printing trade, serving a few years in the business, and upon the death of his brother, was appointed page in this House. Serving with fidelity in that capacity, he was then promoted to the position of bill clerk, from that to the position of bill and petition clerk, and from

that to the position of Resident Clerk, an office which he filled with acceptability, wisdom, and efficiency, as can be attested by every member who knew him.

Actively identified with almost every industry and interest of our city, he was, perhaps, better known than almost any man in Harrisburg. A more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, it has never been my pleasure to meet. His efficiency as an officer of this House is attested by the work he has done, by the record that he leaves, by his honesty as a man, and by his usefulness as a citizen.

On July 10, 1879, the wires flashed the sad intelligence over this State that John A. Smull was dead. To our people here, it seemed almost impossible; it seemed that it could not be that so faithful a servant, so able a man, so efficient an officer had gone.

As I said before, he was actively identified with almost every interest of our city, and I stand here to-day to express the unanimous sentiment of our people, when I say that John A. Smull, the Resident Clerk, the citizen, and the man, was mourned then, and is mourned for to-day. In all the walks of life he was the genial, whole-souled and kind-hearted gentleman. His benevolence was proverbial, and no deserving young man was without a friend while he lived. But now, beneath the trees that he loved so well, and in the silent city of the dead that he did so much to beautify, he now sleeps. The shaft that marks his last earthly rest-

ing place, says to every young man in Pennsylvania, "Follow me; I marked out for myself a goal, which I reached; follow my example; follow my precepts; my works are those that no man need be ashamed of."

Like a wreath of mist, his earthly life has faded away in the boundless future, but his memory will ever remain to encourage and guide us through the trying battles of life. Death came to him swift and unheralded, and I feel like quoting the words of my friend from Philadelphia, [Mr. NEILL,] when he spoke of the death of Asa Packer, that the death of John A. Smull was like "the fall of the mighty oak in the stillness of the forest."

ADDRESS OF MR. NEILL, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Speaker, I feel at this moment almost unable to control my emotions. Listening to the testimony, the bright, beautiful and truthful testimony, which has been given by the gentleman from Dauphin [Mr. NEBINGER] in reference to our departed friend, has thrown my mind back upon his beautiful form and pleasant countenance, as we saw him among us, beloved and respected by all. And it is no wonder that we here, to-day, when the tread of death has been heard thrice in the high places of the Commonwealth—three times since we last met has its dark wing been stretched over the Capitol—it is no wonder, I say, that we come here this afternoon with bated breath—with sorrowing hearts—with kind

remembrances—with censers full of incense, brought from either side of the House, to emit perfume which will rise up as a sacrifice of our deepest feeling to the memory of John A. Smull. His record is a record of brightness; his life was a life of usefulness; his time and talents were devoted to the common good, and his monument, on which the sun shines and the snow shall fall for years to come, will not be half as abiding as that monument time has built in the hearts of the living, which will be perpetuated and be received with the same feeling in the hearts of generations to come. His Hand Book, his character, his entire life, are worth more than the granite monument. This land does not boast of titled fools, but it honors the good and the great everywhere, and when one so fitted by nature for the offices in which Providence placed him, has conducted himself in the discharge of the duties of those offices with the same purity as John A. Smull, he writes immortality in letters of living light over his name, and his memory will be embalmed in the deepest affections of every living soul.

You, gentlemen, who were here years agone—before I ever knew you—you knew him better, because you knew him longer; but I shall not forget when, a little more than two years ago, I came here and found him in one of the committee-rooms. I said to him, then, "I am a stranger here, and I came to ask you where you are going to seat me." I shall never forget the

smile that played upon his countenance—the generous heart he manifested, the warm thrill of his hand, and the readiness with which he conducted me into the hall and showed me this seat, saying: "I heard you were an old man, and I have given you this place so that you may be near the Speaker." All this showed the kindness of his heart.

Then, whenever, uninitiated in the parliamentary arrangements of this House, whenever I needed a word of instruction or suggestion, John A. Smull was always ready to give them. It seemed to be a pleasure to him to accommodate others. He lived for others, and in the years of his life among you, from a page boy up to Resident Clerk, in all the investigations, in all the charges, in all the suspicions, in everything that was calculated in the least degree to taint any one, or any portion of this body, John A. Smull stood as pure as the purest. I never heard even the breath of suspicion raised against that man. But he has passed away; we shall see him no more;

> "His silvery tongue is mute;
> His generous eye is dim,
> And all our loud salute,
> Is less than nought to him."

But it awakens thought in our own hearts. These services cannot affect the condition of the departed, but they may affect ours.

There would be an alleviation to the sadness of these services had John A. Smull breathed his last at home

in his own bed, surrounded by his friends to close his eyes and compose his limbs in death. But Divine Providence permitted him, while away from home and alone, through either functional or other derangement of the heart, to pass suddenly away. Why, we ask, did Providence thus permit the end of such a man? Simply because Providence could not help it, without a miracle. Such was the defect in the organization of the man that a change of position—a little excitement—a thousand causes would close the valves, would break the bowl and sunder the cords at the cistern. And he has departed—he has gone. Let us, in every respect, follow his example. May the mantle of our ascending Elijah fall upon us and keep us until we meet him in the better land.

ADDRESS OF MR. RHOADS, OF CUMBERLAND.

I can add but one word to the noble and most eloquent tribute of my friend from Philadelphia, [Mr. NEILL.] There was not a word or a sentence that he uttered that did not touch my heart. The deceased, as a man, stood among men like the tall oak in the forest—courteous, kindly, generous to a fault, and above all, his natural and acquired qualifications which so eminently fitted him for the high and honorable position which he so long and so well filled. One peculiarity in the deceased I noticed when my friend spoke. He was so particularly kind to new members of the House, careful in guiding and instructing them, so that

they would make no blunders in their legislative career; watching cautiously so that any legislation that any member of the House might have in charge would be carefully done. I say that this was one of the grandest traits in his character. I know that I experienced myself many a kindness at his hands, that will lie and linger with me while I remain on this earth. And to those new members of this House who did not have the pleasure of the acquaintance of John A. Smull, let me say to you, gentlemen, that the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in the death of John A. Smull, received a blow from which it will take years to recover. All I can say is, Mr. Speaker, that his natural qualifications, his kindly heart, his generous impulses, all combined, were of such a nature that all the world might stand up and say: "This was a man."

ADDRESS OF MR. KLEIN, OF LEBANON.

Mr. Speaker: As a school-mate and a companion of John A. Smull, in his childhood and youth, and as a personal friend in his manhood, it is fitting that I should add a word in tribute to his memory.

No word of mine will or can add to his bright record, nor is a monument of granite required on which to recount his accomplishments, virtues, and his graces, for they are enshrined in the hearts of hundreds of warm and true friends, who will cherish his memory to the end of their lives, and ever remember the noble boy

and noble man that passed away from earth when the body of John A. Small was deposited in the tomb.

"As the gate of memory swings back upon its golden hinge," I see a bright-eyed school boy, whose manly bearing commanded the admiration of the tutor, and the respect of his fellow students in the public school more than five and thirty years ago; I see a model youth of this then county borough, pointed out by the mothers of the town as an example of an affectionate, dutiful, and obedient son; I see him, in a few years, an active, ambitious young man upon the floor of this hall, anticipating his every duty, and making his absence marked; I see him under the parental roof—the protector of a loving sister and the stay of an idolized and idolizing mother; I see his rapid progress to the platform of this hall, and I hear his voice in the reading of the enactments of many legislative assemblies; I see him in sorrow following his darling and only sister, just blooming into womanhood, to the tomb; I see him in deeper grief, bear the remains of his aged mother to the adjoining grave, and I see him return to his hearthstone, almost alone, and yet not alone, for his cherished memories and the sympathies of hundreds of true friends, clustered around and about him, and would not leave him comfortless.

We see him still, Mr. Speaker, progressing in position, progressing in the affections of all with whom he came in contact; in the social circle, a perfect gentle-

man; in public enterprise, active and prudent; in positions of honor and trust, ever honorable, polite, and courteous.

His presence ever brought pleasure wherever he moved, and the inhabitants of this Capital city will ever remember his genial bearing and cordial greeting as he passed to and fro in their midst. He was worthy of life, and it is painful to recall the thrill of regret that flashed through the Commonwealth upon that morning when the electric spark brought the tidings of his decease in the metropolis of the State. No human eye witnessed his death, no human ear heard his last moan or message, no human hand ministered unto him in his dying moments—nor did he require it, for the "silver cord" was suddenly loosed, and the "golden bowl" instantly broken, giving liberty to the spirit, the precious casket thereof only remaining in apparent slumber; placid countenance and unmoved limbs betokened a calm passage over and through the dark waters to join the family circle in the spirit world.

And now, in succeeding days, we see a gathering of the concourse of his friends, his many friends. We remember the last look at his lifeless remains, with the armor of his knighthood around and about him. Surrounded by the sweet tokens of many loved ones from far and near, we remember the long and sad cortege to yonder eminence beyond the oaks; we remember the sad ritual of his brother Knights as they consign the body to the

mother earth, and we see the mellow mould, and hear its dull thud as it falls upon the covering of the vault, and then we turn away, and the thought, with a sigh, breaks forth, "Can these things be?" The gentle winds of that balmy day answer, "yes;" the waving branches of the shrubbery answer, "yes, yes." "All that live must die." The adjoining tombs and all the surroundings seemed to answer, "yes;" and his absence here to-day verifies the answer too truly.

Mr. Speaker, his associates, in the many assemblies in this hall, who knew him so well, need not be informed of his character and worth. It is too widely known to require any word of mine.

Upon his grave, almost within hail from the dome of this capitol, the sparkling snow this day glistens as with diamonds in the bright sunshine; a fitting pall for his tomb, and a fitting emblem of his character and graces. On this memorial day, may we not, as his associates and friends, ascribe to his memory the sentiment of the immortal bard that wrote of the worthy dead:

> "According to his virtues let us use him, and mourn you for him;
> Let him be regarded as one of the noblest men that ever herald did follow to his urn."

ADDRESS OF MR. RUDDIMAN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Speaker, I am usually reluctant to trust myself in public to subjects of so solemn nature as this, and I am especially reluctant at this hour to tax the attention of the House upon these mournful resolutions. It is upon

no self-invitation that I assume to speak in these announcements of tribute and honor to the distinguished dead; but I have been assured that some words of eulogium from my lips as to one whom I knew well and honored highly, would be words of welcome import to those whose interests and intimacies and affections were of the holiest toward the departed, and might not perhaps be without some thought and suggestion to others besides.

Sixteen years ago, Mr. Speaker, I visited this place, a stranger, to take part in the machinery and deliberations of legislation for the first time. I knew nothing of its duties or its demands; I was a novice in its art and its philosophy, but the first pleasant, bright face that appeared before my eyes; the first charming accents that greeted me in this hall, were those of the departed clerk, John A. Smull.

And during two sessions in this House, I observed him with admiration, with regard, with the interest which is that of love and of the deepest trust. Through all those two years I knew him to be the same. His frankness of address, his sweetness of temper, his unvarying, uniform courtesies to all, the high order of his intelligence, and his wide attainments in every department of legislative knowledge, and discipline and duty, won the confidence and honor and trust of all who knew him.

I have learned, sir, that although my relations with

him were but occasional and casual—since I have ascertained that from that time to this, such has been the unvarying career, the uniform conduct, the admirable demeanor and bestowal of favor and kindness on the part of this accomplished officer.

Never failing in public service, never wanting in personal attention, he was conspicuously the officer in high performance, and the friend in most gracious condescension and goodness.

As public servant, as eminent citizen, in private station, as the generous friend, as the considerate philanthropist, as the devoted son and brother, his was an example preëminent and worthy of all emulation.

Under all changes of administration, in every hard and eager contest for place, his name remained as pure as the falling snow and without the shadow of stain or the breath of calumny and censure.

In few words, these were the attractive qualities of this good and distinguished man, and I rise in my place—perhaps with presumption—Mr. Speaker, when others who knew him better, when others close to his heart could speak of that heart's high character and worth, might perhaps take my place: but I speak, sir, with a sense of tears, my regret is that which is personal and full of grief, for he was a man to be respected and exalted, and in the sanctuary of the soul to be loved and cherished, and so in the depth of my strong affections, I loved and cherished the worth of John A.

Smull, and now with humble tribute, as I have said, I pronounce this brief, but most sincere and profound expression of sorrow, and thus add my mite of praise and honor and deep sensibility to that which, in the eloquent sentences already uttered here, crowns the memory of a good man, and will linger as an atmosphere of richness and splendor above his grave.

ADDRESS OF MR. MYERS, OF VENANGO.

Mr. Speaker: I had not intended to say anything upon this occasion, but while sitting here and listening to some things that have been said, my mind reverted to years gone by, when I was but a very young man—to the time when I first met John A. Smull. I was introduced to him by a member from my county; a mere stripling. I was stricken with his appearance, with his manly conduct, and the cordial greetings he gave to everybody. That was during the exciting times of the war, when people were flocking to Harrisburg and Washington, some prompted by their interest in the critical affairs of our country—some to look after friends, and others in the interest or in opposition to the important legislation then pending.

John A. Smull struck me as a peculiar—in some respects as a wonderful man. To every one he met he accorded the same kind attention and courtesy.

It mattered not whether it was an old man whose footsteps were tottering to the grave, or whether it was

a youth just starting in life—he had the same kind greeting for both.

At that time I had no anticipation of forming anything but a casual acquaintance with him, but years rolled on, and at length it became my fortune to come here as a member of the House. After the lapse of years I found him the same cheerful man, his heart seemed as young as when I had seen him, a mere boy, years before.

In all that pertains to a healthy and vigorous manhood, physically and intellectually, he seemed perfectly preserved, and when I bade him good bye at the close of last session, I little thought that John A. Smull was the one man of all my late associates here, whom I should first be called upon to mourn. I have reflected upon his character somewhat since learning of his death—it has been brought before my mind vividly while sitting here listening to the words of eulogy upon it, and it seems to me to be a character eminently fitted to be held up to the youth of this State, as worthy of emulation—worthy of emulation by reason of its being a striking illustration of that untiring industry and that will-power which carry a man forward to honor and usefulness. Many a youth, if he would but profit by his example—if he would but cultivate the habits of industry and integrity, and the graces of manner which characterized John A. Smull, might grow up to

occupy places of trust and profit—an honor to himself, his friends and the Commonwealth.

There were some traits in the character of John A. Smull—traits which gave him an eminent fitness for the place he occupied—which but few persons are blessed with, but there was a sterling integrity in the man, an indomitable will-power and energy to push himself forward and make for himself an honorable place, which are open to every boy in the land, and these are the qualities we ought to emulate and encourage.

I mourn his loss. I mourn him as a friend, although my acquaintance with him was but brief, for his was a character so genial and sympathetic that it drew one and all toward him as one is drawn toward an intimate friend. I felt that he was my friend, that he would do me any kindness that lay in his power, and that he would appreciate any kindness I might have to offer in return.

Mr. Speaker, it may be many days before this Commonwealth shall be called upon to mourn the loss of a man under like circumstances—a man who has endeared himself to the hearts of so many men, extended over so wide a portion of this State. Many years—perhaps not in the life time of any man here, will there another man be called from the stage of action in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, who shall have endeared himself so peculiarly and so closely to the hearts of so many living men.

The question being

On the adoption of the resolutions.

It was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. LANDIS. Mr. Speaker, as a further mark of respect to the deceased members and the late John A. Smull, I move that this House do now adjourn.

The question being,

Will the House agree to the motion of the gentleman from Lancaster, [Mr. LANDIS?]

It was agreed to.

Whereupon the Speaker adjourned the House until ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

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